

The Flag of our Union.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATILDA M. BAILLON, EDITOR.

Editor's Note.
The terms of *The Flag of our Union* are \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discounted at the time of payment of the time paid for. See discount on the last page.

All contributions designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to FREDERICK GLEASON, M.A., proprietor of *The Flag of our Union*, post paid.

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EUROPE AND AMERICA.

It is impossible for a citizen of the United States to look abroad and note the symptoms of the gathering tempest that is about to break in fury on the European world, without fervently thanking God that his lot was cast upon us these happy shores. From the adoption of the Federal constitution, our history has been a record of progress, prosperity, happiness and greatness, unexampled in the history of the human race. We have been equally successful in war and peace; we have increased from three to twenty-three millions of people; our territory has stretched across the continent; the means, not only of competence, but of wealth, are within the grasp of the humblest citizen; the poorest child can enjoy the blessings of education, and the highest offices of state are open to the competition of all.

Eminence and wealth are not with us the occasional reward of men starting from humble life; on the contrary, it seems to be the rule that such men ever win their reward. Energy and talent are in this country the very best capital to begin life with. Every man who has virtue, intelligence and health, is morally certain to succeed. And with wealth and the consequent demand for art, refinement and elegance, artistic talent has been developed. It is written that we shall have our Athens and our Corinth. Is there a country of the Old World that can afford to give every father of a family a farm of a hundred and sixty acres? And in the whole territory, extending from ocean to ocean, such is the spirit of the laws and the united interests of all; that the whole land supports an army no larger than a petty European prince holds in regular pay.

These are not the dreams of Utopian statesmen—the empty vaunts of a Fourth of July orator,—but plain facts demonstrated by figures, and so familiar, that we, living in the land of marvels, take them as matters of course, and scarcely regard them as forming an anomaly to which the history of the Eastern world affords no parallel. The United States is the only country in which the people ever enjoyed a political existence. It is useless, however, to go back for illustrations to ancient times—let us only look at the history of modern Europe.

At the time when our Federal system was beginning to operate, and the country to recover from the effects of its struggle for political independence, the Old World made a frantic effort to throw off the yoke of the feudal system. The French revolution exploded at the close of the last century, and the convulsion shook the continent to its very centre. Every one knows how signal the attempt to establish a French republic failed. Then came the military dominion of Napoleon, and the long series of gigantic wars that deluged Europe with blood. Waterloo closed the career of the great captain, and crushed the hopes of the liberty party. Despotism reappeared in its worst forms, more relentless and more illiberal. A few years more, and we have another revolution in France, and another grand convolution through Europe—Poland again rising—the hope of liberty again betrayed in France, and Poland again stricken down.

A few years more roll on, France again rises; again is Europe convulsed; more fruitless fighting and bloodshed follow, the Hungarian revolution is crushed, and France after a few months' effort at republicanism, throws itself at the feet of a despot, while despotism in the north raises its colossus form more hideous and menacing than ever. A moment's breathing spell, and the soul of the world is again sorely tried; but now England, the ally of France in 1815, is alarmed at the strides of the French, and then supports the autocrat of France, becomes jealous of the mighty monarch of Russia, and the West and the East rush forward to join in battle!

Moreover, the millions suffer and sorrow, and bleed, and look to the future only for a repetition of the past. When we behold these things, we may well believe that as civilization, intelligence and knowledge increase, the world must finally be an end to such troubles; and at the same time feel prompted to raise our voices in grateful praise to Heaven, that our own lot has been cast in this happy land.

CHRISTIANITY.—Voltaire used to say, that "if twelve men were sufficient to establish Christianity, he was resolved to prove that one might be sufficient to overthrow it." Voltaire is dead, but Christianity "still lives."

EMIGRANTS.—Western Texas is being settled by Germans almost exclusively.

FATNESS A BEAUTY.

The women of Egypt, in order to acquire a degree of fatness, bathe themselves several days in lukewarm water. They stay so long in their baths that they eat and drink therein. During the time they are in the bath, they take every half hour some broth made of a fat pullet, and stuffed with sweet almonds, hazel nuts, and pistachio nuts. After taking this sort of broth four times, they eat a pallet all the heat. When they come out of the bath, they are rubbed over with perfumes and sweet scented pomatum, and after that some of them take myrobalan before going to bed; others take a draught prepared with gum tragacanth and sugar candy. For our own part we have no objection to a reasonable degree of fatness and roundness of form is quite essential to the proper outlines of personal beauty in the gender sex; but as to having a downright fat lady—heaven save us!—what a death it would be to all ideas of romance. However, "what's one man's meat is another man's poison," and what constitutes beauty with one nation would be set down as deformity by another. For example, observe the *petit* and misshapen feet of the Chinese women, considered among the Celestials as an indispensable characteristic of beauty.

NEBRASKA.

This territory as proposed to be organized, will be a vast region, having various climates, that are enjoyed in Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, that lie on its eastern border; only the climate, like the face of the country, is more Asiatic. The eastern portion of it is chiefly prairie and baron, containing the Great American Desert; western is mountainous, the highest mountains being covered with almost perpetual snow. The inhabitants of Nebraska may be seventy-five thousand, mostly Indian. The cities are military men, Indian agents, and missionaries. Nebraska is and must ever be mainly an agricultural region. It is far from the oceans, and has no great lakes. The Platte river, though from one to three miles wide, is only navigable for steamboats forty miles.

MEXICO.

A revolutionary movement has taken place in Acapulco, Mexico, on the Pacific coast. It is under the conduct of General Alvarez, who has possession of the fort, knows the country, and is a wealthy proprietor. It is believed that he can give Santa Anna considerable trouble; the one-legged dictator doubtless thinks so, for he sends four hundred men against him, and will increase the force to twelve, if necessary. The fort is blockaded by Santa Anna. There has been no engagement as yet. Like many other insurrections in that country, it is put down by buying off the chief instigator of it.

TAOUBLE.

Twenty-five members of the Journeyman Tailors' Union in New York were arrested lately, on a charge of conspiracy, for preventing certain other journeymen, not members of their society, from working at their trade. The District Attorney issued the warrants. It is a well-settled principle that men may refuse to work themselves for less wages than they think sufficient, but they have no right to interfere with others who may choose to work for any amount.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

To an interrogatory propounded to him by J. B. Morris, notary public, New York, Secretary Marcy writes that every person born in the United States must be considered a citizen of the United States, notwithstanding one or both of his parents may have been alien at the time of his birth. This is in conformity with the English common law, which law is generally acknowledged in this country.

A HANDBOME REWARD.

The government has presented the owners of the ship Antarctic (which took off a portion of the passengers of the San Francisco) the sum of \$25,000 as a token of gratitude for the service rendered. It was a voluntary gift, as the owners of the ship made no charge whatever.

RAILROADS.

The railroads of Massachusetts, now run 1415 miles, of which 307 miles are double tracked—the cost \$61,788,000; the gross earnings last year, \$8,096,000; expenses, \$5,291,000; net return equal to 5 3/4 per cent. of the cost, eight of the roads not being in active operation.

A NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

The secretary of war, it is said, has appointed a commission, consisting of scientific officers connected with the ordnance bureau, to examine certain districts of the country and report upon the location of a site for a national foundry.

A FAMILY ARMY.

A Delaware paper speaks of a man in Wilmington, aged 68, who is the father of 51 children, 30 of whom are living. He has had three wives. Think of thirty hungry mouths to feed, at the present price of flour.

TERRIBLE!

The house of Cooper Tyler, at North Lawrence, Mich., was taken a few nights since, and seven young children, the oldest but nine years, perished in the flames. The deceased was known to be very timid, and it was thought she died of mere fright.

EDUCATIONAL.

The citizens of Norwich, Conn., have subscribed the large sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for the building and equipment of a Free High School in that city.

POKE PLENTY.

Nine of the Western States have packed, during the season, two millions and a half of hogs—an increase over the crop of last year of \$33,660 head in number.

SOMETHING NEW.

An India Rubber clothes pin has been patented, which is said to be far superior to, and will supersede all others.

MUSICAL ITEM.

Paul Jullien has been delighting the citizens of Havana.

EDITORIAL INKDRIPS.

The invalid who lost his appetite has written to Kosuth to thank him for Hungary.

There are five daily papers in Savannah with a population of 15,000.

Augustus B. Prior, has been convicted of the murder of Mathew Paton at Hamburg, S. C.

The mechanic who improved an opportunity intends to have it patented.

The Gloucester people are prosecuting the halibut fishing on George's Shoals.

There were exported from England last year 1,600,000,000 yards of cotton manufactures.

The man who "re-traced" the post is supposed to have been a harness maker.

The Lowell Courier speaks of a "love of a store" some lady contributor, no doubt.

Ten thousand pairs of window glass were broken in the town of Abington, Va., by him.

Let the letter stay for the post, and not the post for the letter.

The Alton III. Telegraph says, the wheat crop in vicinity is most promising.

Albert Pitts, aged fifteen years was killed by the upsetting of a milk cart, lately in Salem.

The natives of Iceland believe that country to be the best land on which the sun shines.

Matilda Oliver, a female of bad repute, committed suicide at Frederick, Md., recently.

Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do right.

Jonah thinks that it is rather ironical to build a prison with free-stone.

Jallien is on his return northward, by way of Charleston, Savannah and Richmond.

Fault-finding is the mastard of matrimony; the gentlemen are the mustard pots.

The citizens of Cincinnati are to purchase another steam engine.

Potatoes are \$4 a bushel in Bremham, Texas.

There was no rain in Austin, on the 4th.

A terrible earthquake recently occurred at Calabria, Italy, killing 3000 persons.

SEEING GOETHE.

Celebrated men are often much annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at Goethe's house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student was forced by embarrassment by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and, walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, drew out his purse, and, taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

WHAT NEXT?

It is proposed, on some of the American railroads to furnish "baby cars," for the convenience of those travellers with these appendages, as well as for the comfort of travellers generally. The cars will be commodious, and well supplied with cradles, baby-jumps, rat-tails, sugar-candy, milk, paregoric, and other sedatives and conveniences.

An experienced traveling woman, with both wet and dry nurses, will be always in attendance. Babies will be checked through, and parents may rely upon every attention being paid to their comfort. In case of loss, the company bind themselves to get another as good in its place—in each case stockholders being individually liable.

OUR COUNTRY.—It is estimated, in a hundred years we shall have two hundred and thirty millions; and in a hundred and fifty years—in the year 2000—we shall have over seven hundred millions! Our soil produced last year over a hundred and fifty millions of bushels of breadstuffs, and say nothing about the rice and fruit crops. And yet we have a hundred and ninety millions of acres—more than five times the territory of England and Wales—which the spade and plough never touched.

THE FATE OF RUSSIA.—All eyes—ay, and all ears—are open to see and to hear all that is said and done about Russia. In the writings of J. J. Rousseau—himself one of the most extraordinary men of his age—we find the following prediction touching Russia:—"The empire of Russia will endeavor to subjugate Europe, but in the struggle will herself be conquered. Her Tartar subjects, or her neighbors, will become her masters." Rousseau has been dead seventy-six years.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—The Lowell Courier says that on Wednesday evening Miss Ellen Dure, being in the streets of Lowell on Friday, took her first walk on Friday, her first walk on Friday, with her mother, who had gone but a few rods when she fell, and died in a few minutes.

The deceased was known to be very timid, and it was thought she died of mere fright.

LUCKY FRIDAYS.—Whaleship Hilman sailed from New Bedford on Friday, took her first walk on Friday, her first walk on Friday, with her mother, who had gone but a few rods when she fell, and died in a few minutes.

The deceased was known to be very timid, and it was thought she died of mere fright.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—A man named Seal was tried and hanged recently in Santa Fe, for killing Hugh N. Smith, who is "alive and slowly recovering."

A NEW INVENTION.—A patent for manufacturing writing paper of excellent quality from wood, at 20 per cent. less cost than from rags,

has been taken out in England.

THE WEATHER.—A correspondent of the Transcript states that the word "weather" occurs but four times in the Bible.

TAXATION.—A door and window tax has been proclaimed throughout Mexico.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embrace the following contents:

"The way to get well, and how Mr. Throckmorton did it," a sketch, by ALICE CLARE.

"The Secret Tribunal," a story, by MARY G. PARSONS.

"The English Bazaar," No. 1, a story, by MARY G. PARSONS.

"Be kind unto another," 15 stories, by JENNY MURRAY.

"Soultime," lines, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

"The Heart," a sonnet, by JAMES LINDNER.

"The Rainbow," a poem, by JAMES LINDNER.

"Poetry of Love," lines, by STANLEY E. CHEEVERS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In this number we give, first, a representation of farm work for the month of April.

Second, a sketch, illustrating the "Pole of the world."

Third, a sketch of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, of the English squadron designed for the Baltic.

A portrait of a veteran of the English navy, Sir George Cockburn.

A view of the new Custom House at Charleston, South Carolina.

Two views of public beneficent institutions at Indianapolis, Indiana; first, a picture of the Indiana Institute for the Blind; second, the Indiana Home for the Deaf and Dumb; and, also, a view of the State House.

A view of Prince's Bridge, at Melbourne, Australia.

A mounted and footed Post Police at Melbourne, Australia.

A view of the Market Square at Melbourne, from the Yards of the Yarra.

***GLEASON'S PICTORIAL** is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

England exported last year over four hundred thousand barrels of ale.

Madame Rachel is turning the heads of all the young officers at St. Petersburg.

The aggregate value of private property in London is calculated to be two and a quarter billion dollars.

Austria gives no further indication of her policy.

She is still, in appearance, with the Western powers.

The yacht America, which won such triumphs in sailing, is advertised to be sold in London in April.

Said Efendi had reached Janina, empowered to settle the recent Greek insurrectionary difficulties. The insurrection is now over.

It is estimated that an instantaneous communication between England and America can be established for a smaller sum than will it cost to construct a bridge over the Thames.

The greatest extent of railway in any country is in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The English is four thousand miles long.

The railroad is four thousand miles long.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TIME'S LAST PICTURE.

BY D. W. F. WALKER.

Soon after Time's early production was spoiled, He saw that all future attempts would be failed; Whenever he touched his old brush again, They always would leave an indelible stain.

So, borrowing paints from an Artist on high, Who painted, with sunbeams, the stars in the sky, He asked him to sketch on new canvas, a plan— The Artist drew out the redemption of man.

Then gave him a book of receipts, plans and rules, Which never were taught in philosophers' schools; And bade him obey its laws to the letter, If he would succeed this time any better.

And now being started anew with his trade, A last and great effort Time cheerfully made; He put in the foreground the altar of love, And bade him obey its laws to the letter, That all who will look may be saved if they will.

And now in the background a city appears, Which never will witness pain, sorrow or tears; Its streets are bright, golden, its gates shining pearl, And Satan in vain may his days at it hark.

Old Time's yet at work, but his picture's not done, For all its bright glories must blend into one; The Lamb is by his throne, with all crowns at his feet, And all his saints round him, will make it complete.

The mighty Archangel his trump then will blow, Till all the dark spirits shall tremble and know The battle is fought, the victory won, Mankind are redeemed, and Time's work is done.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DESERTED WIGWAM.

BY MRS. SOPHORIAH CURRIER.

AMONG the new and interesting objects which everywhere meet the eyes of the emigrant from the Eastern States to the western prairie, nothing has more engaged my attention than the ruins of a small Indian village found not many miles distant from the place where I have made my home.

Like a shadow the red man passed away, yet he has left many traces behind him. His trail is found on the unbroken prairie, running from one stream of water and the grove which always overshadows it, to another; and even in places where a score of years has passed since the path has been trodden, it is still there, clearly defined as ever, stretching along like a dark serpent, through the tall, thick grass.

Many a time in riding over the prairie, I have made my horse follow the Indian trail, to convince myself that the somewhat popular belief that the path will never become grass-overgrown, till the surface of the earth has been turned over, is ill-founded; but I have not yet discovered a blossoming plant, nor a single tuft of grass, infringing on that narrow track.

"It is the hoof of the straying beast which preserves the trail," I remarked to an Indian.

But the old warrior, so the many scars on that broad, dark bark and those muscular arms showed him to be, shook his head and answered gloomily, that they were the marks of the Great Spirit, and nothing would efface them but the hand of the people whom he permitted for a time to live above the head of his children. When he spread out the wide prairie that the buffalo and deer might fatten for the red man's meat, dug deep in the earth that his children might find the water fresh and cool, and planted beside it the thick forest that their wigwam might be sheltered from the great fiery eyes of summer, and the hurricane breath of winter, his lightning described these lines to mark the land, the home of his children.

"But," and the dim eyes brightened, as he said it, "the trail shall not be all lost on the prairie, till the red man returns to the lands where his fathers are buried."

Ah, the poor Indian! The faint arrowheads are often found on the prairie; and the past autumn, in digging up for the purpose of transplanting it, a strong, tall, perfectly-blossoming plant, I had the good fortune to find beneath its roots a stone hatchet. The edge was broken and placed downward in the earth; and, on examining its immediate neighborhood in search of other relics, I found that a circle had been drawn around the spot by the removal of a narrow strip of sod. I stood then on ground sacred to the Indian, and here he hatched was literally buried.

It was foolish, no doubt, but such a train of thoughts rushed through my mind, that I could not forbear returning it to the spot where the red man had placed it, and setting the uprooted plant above it. The place is far out upon the prairie, and now miles distant from a human habitation; it may be long before the plough passes over the spot! Yet when every other trace of him shall disappear, the Indian will be remembered by the beautiful names he has given to the pleasant groves, the wide-spread prairies, and the clear, gently-flowing waters.

In the neighborhood of my home, very few vestiges of the settlements of the Indians are to be found; in fact, I know of none but the ruins of the little village before referred to, and these are so much decayed that but for the existence near them of a small, rude hut, which may stand for years longer, if unoccupied by the hand of man, and undisturbed by the old giant oak which hangs at once shelteringly and threateningly above it—would scarcely be observed by the traveler.

Here and there is a heap of partially charred logs, lying around a spot where the earth is hard and verdureless, but the decaying substances of which the wigwams were built, have mostly disappeared, and the stones which sometimes made them chimneys, have helped to wall the cellars and wells of the settlers; and one is pained at the inference which must be drawn from the fact—in a spot which was undoubtedly the burying-ground of the Indians, there are little cavities

in the earth, as if stones had recently been dislodged thence.

"The deserted wigwam," as the yet undecayed building is called, was from appearances much better constructed than the other habitations of the settlement; and it has not been disturbed beyond the taking from it of the thick matting,—a portion of which was left when it was torn away from the logs to which it was confined,—which served for a door, and a curtain for the aperture which looked out upon the prairie; and the now delicate fabric of woven grasses and yellow and scarlet-dyed rushes with which the whole interior wall, it is said, was once tapetried, and perhaps, since the rude fire-place is broken down, some of the stones of which it was constructed.

The wigwam, so many sided that undoubtedly it was intended as nearly as possible to make it in a circular form, is built of small logs, the interstices between them being filled with a yellow clay, which is also spread over a portion of the wall. This plastering, which is quite hard and smooth, is covered with hieroglyphical figures, some tolerably well executed: but the most of them are grotesque and horrible. In every part of the dwelling where it was possible to place one, these symbolic figures are found. Indeed, the wigwam itself seems but a hieroglyphic in its circular form, its square door and its triangular window. The hut is situated in what was the burying-ground of the Indians, and looked out upon the prairie, stretching far away towards the setting sun.

It was near the close of a fine autumn day that I stood by the door of the little wigwam. The warm, gentle breeze was waving the tall, ripe grass, over which large flocks of quail and prairie chickens were hovering; bending the proudest heads of the myriad bright-tinted flowers, and making the light, fleecy clouds—skirted with the hue of the setting sun, which seemed to hang halfway between the blue, serene heaven and the glad, blooming earth, as if uncertain to which it most belonged—chase each other far away towards the setting sun.

The deep, narrow stream on which banks the wigwam stood, was flowing so calmly and smoothly along, that it seemed a clear mirror into which that line of crimson-fruited shrubs, and the tall, dark-leaved trees were looking; only now and then was its surface rippled by the tiny tribe within its bosom, or the dropping of a leaf from those waving tree-tops.

Not a human being was to be seen; but the bounding of a prairie wolf over the plains towards a thick, hazel copse, told that a hunter might be near, though we heard no report from him.

It was a beautiful scene, and so quiet! One could imagine how unbroken is the silence that reigns over the vast prairie, when the breeze is hushed.

"No wonder the Indian loved his home," I said, as my eye wandered over that rich, widespread garden; "no wonder that he partook of it with such reluctance! What powerful emotions must have agitated the bosom of the occupant of this dwelling, when he stood here, when we are standing, and gazing for the last time, on the scene that we are contemplating?"

The lady whom I addressed turned suddenly her dark, eagle eyes towards me, and an expression almost of terror was described on her countenance. I was certain that a shoulder passed over the frame, and the deep, blue-tint which masked the round cheek of the beautiful brute would kindle with its ancient fire, and his step would drag him over. His brethren looked on these sudden changes in him as struggles with the son who haunted him, and his return to health was always the occasion of a festal with the tribe, which the medicine man sometimes though not frequently joined; and notwithstanding the severity and deep solemnity of his manner, his presence at the feast never failed to give new life and energy to the dance; more loudly rang out the war-song, and wilder were the imprecations against their enemies.

"He had triumphed over the evil spirit, and his brethren doubted not but any undertaking they should immediately commence would be successful; and consequently, they were seldom disappointed."

After the war with the whites had commenced, the chiefs of several tribes joined in these midnight feasts, and the spirit that they carried with them from these secret assemblies, diffused among their people the terrible slaughter of the tribe, which the medicine man sometimes though not frequently joined; and notwithstanding the severity and deep solemnity of his manner, his presence at the feast never failed to give new life and energy to the dance; more loudly rang out the war-song, and wilder were the imprecations against their enemies.

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what he had learned of the character of the old Indian, he believed him capable of the terrible deed, and he knew that the recent defeat of his people by the whites had driven him to desperation. But escape from the wigwam was impossible while those savages, whom undoubtedly the medicine man had instructed to surround his dwelling as soon as they saw it entered by a stranger, remained there.

"All he could do, was to wait the return of Rising Sun. Wee-na believed that his father would not make known his design to the Indians, but would attempt the execution of his purpose unaided. The performance of his diabolical rite was seldom known to any one but himself, from whom, for some reason unknown to her, he never tried to conceal them. Should he send away the savages who were around his dwelling, McDonough thought he would have little difficulty in making his escape from the wigwam, carrying Mo-e-na with him; but the young girl knew that he would have no feeble antagonist to cope with.

"Slowly those hours of terrible anxiety and fear passed away. The full moon looked down unclouded and bright on that Indian burying-ground and the little wigwam in its midst; upon the dark, half-naked forms and savage countenances of the sentinels who stood with the eye strained and the body inclined, like a hungry wolf ready to spring upon his prey; and now and then upon the wild despairing eyes, and the calm, but deeply serious face, that looked out furiously from the cabin window. The wind whispered through the tall grass soft and soothingly, and as undisturbed by a single sound was its low music, as if no deep anxiety and fear, and no foolish joy and triumph were there.

"The moon had run more than half her course through the sky, when suddenly a dark form was seen approaching the wigwam. The individual passed with a light, quick step through that circle of savages whose eyes followed him with surprise and eagerness; and as he stood before the dwelling, every Indian dropped to the earth. It had been an insult to the stranger to watch over a prisoner who stood in his presence. "As he lifted the matting from the door, that tall, commanding form, the clear, thoughtful eye, and the noble features of the stranger were clearly revealed to Wee-na, and her lover; and the girl, uttering a cry of joy, sprang towards him, and raised her face to his with an expression which told that life and death were at his command.

"A smile passed over the stranger's features, and while she addressed him in that eager, rapid tone, his fingers alternately patted that pallid cheek and parted from her brow the long, thick hair, as if trying to soothe her deep agitation; but as she continued speaking, his hand dropped and his head bent low almost to hers.

"McDonough no more understood the stranger's reply than the words which Wee-na had uttered; for both had spoken in their native language; but he doubted not what those pleading accents had asked, nor what that deep-toned, gentle answer implied; for the Indian girl, while tears of joy were glistening in her eyes, twined her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"But the matting of the doorway had been again raised, and the individual who entered the dwelling understood the meaning of those words as well as of that pantomime; and a low, but deep and terrible voice exclaimed:

"The medicine man has doomed his bitterest enemy to death! Who dares offer him life and safety!"

"He whom the Great Spirit has made the leader of his red children," said the stranger, calmly, "the great chief—Black Hawk!"

"Black Hawk is not the great chief in the wigwam of Rising Sun!" said the old Indian, in an exulting tone, and he laid his finger on the left arm of the warrior. "The pale face shall die! if not to turn away the wrath of the Great Spirit from his children, he shall suffer for the words of folly he has spoken in the ear of her who henceforth is no daughter of her people!"

"The chief held up his arm in the moonlight, but the mystic sign which the medicine man had placed there, had to the dismay of the poor old Indian, entirely disappeared, and in its place was a broad, deep scar. Black Hawk no longer was bound to obey the commands of Rising Sun!

"Years ago," said the warrior, "Black Hawk was returning from a great victory, but he was alone and wounded; there was a dark cloud before his eyes, and strange thoughts were in his mind. His tongue was swollen with thirst, his brow was burning, and his feet would carry him no further. He thought that the Great Spirit was calling him to his fathers, and he laid him down to die. Hours passed away, and then a little, cool hand was laid on his brow; it lifted his head from the earth, and wept his burning lips with pure, cold water; it bathed his fevered wond with the pain had ceased, and though the war-whoop of the enemies of her tribe many times reached her ear, that little girl watched beside him till a long sleep had brought back life to the chief.

"Wee-na should ask nothing of Black Hawk which she should not receive," and he added, taking the hand of the trembling girl, "thy father has cut thee off from thy people—go forth with thy pale-faced lover. The Great Spirit who is alike the father of his tribe and thine, has laid his hand on the youth; he will not be false to thee, Wee-na!"

"Terrible were the anathemas which the medicine man uttered against his daughter and the chief, and the Indian girl and her lover went forth from the wigwam, and under the protection of several of the savages who had been watching over McDonough to prevent his escape from the dwelling—Black Hawk directing them to perform the service of guides—took their way to the white settlement.

"Those bitter curses were the last words of her father that fell on Wee-na's ear; they were most likely the last which he ever uttered; for news reached his daughter sometime after, that on the evening of the day on which he left his dwelling, he was found in a sitting posture, just within the entrance to his wigwam, with his

face turned towards the west, but cold and lifeless. And what was very singular, that dead hazel beside his father's grave, which in the morning was fresh and vigorous, was as verdureless as if the lightning had pierced its heart.

"No one dared enter the wigwam of the medicine man, who had undoubtedly placed himself at its entrance to keep back the intruder, and therefore he remained unburied till the wind was ended and the Indians journeyed towards the west, and then McDonough entered his bones near the spot where he found them.

"Then McDonough was true to the Indian girl. I remembered—" and was the marriage a happy one?"

"Their union was blessed by the Great Spirit," said the lady, warmly. "It was a gift worthy of himself which Black Hawk bestowed on Wee-na! and next that they owe their father, she has learned her children to respect the memory of the great chief."

"She spoke with such emotion that I turned to wait, and for the first time I observed in that truly beautiful countenance the features of the Indian.

My intellectual and highly accomplished friend is the daughter of Wee-na!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A KISS.

BY STEDDY R. CHURCH.

"The funniest thing on earth, I am sure there is nothing in it; is to kiss a man's nose! And is over before you begin it. It must be an art of blisters. To the lowliest mortal given; For 't's certain the innocent kiss is Not of the earth—but heaven.

What lips lie in full moon meet; Every fair can fly before them; That throws such a pleasure o'er them. There's a rapture in being kissed, If a gay little maid would not mind it; Though it vanishes away like mist, Yet it leaves a sweet feeling behind it.

OFFICIAL COLLOQUY.

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue, there is decidedly more truth than poetry.

Postman.—You fellow with the red hair what are you at now?

Comptor.—I'm setting a "House on Fire" Most done.

Fore.—What's that Smith about?

He's engaged on a "Horrible Murder!"

Fore.—Finish it as quick at possible, and help Morse through with his Telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?

Bob.—I'm printing the Money Market."

Fore.—Tom, what are you distributing?

Tom.—Prizes in Jollie's Gift Enterprise."

Fore.—Stone, that and take hold of this "Runaway Horse." Slocum, what in thunder have you got up now?—"The Four Hundred Million" Slocum—Justifying the "Compromise Measures" which my ^{sub} set.

Fore.—You chap on the stool, what are you on?

Compt.—On the "table" you gave me.

Fore.—Lay it on the table for the present—no room for it.

Compt.—How about these "Municipal Candidates?"

Fore.—Run 'em in. What did you say, Slocum?

Slocum.—Shall I "lead" these "Men of Boston?"

Fore.—No, they are "solid" of course.

Compt.—They are not "full face head" to "January Lind's" "Fantasy!"

Fore.—Such things go in "small caps."

John.—Have you got up that "Capitol Joke?"

John.—No sir! I'm "out of sorts."

Fore.—Well, throw in this "Million California Gold" and you get through with it, I'll give you some more.

Editor.—Wilson, have you finished the "Coalition?"

Wilson.—Yes sir—the "Coalition" is all up!

Fore.—What do you want now?

Descl.—More copy, sir.

Editor.—Have you completed that "Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?"

Descl.—Yes sir, and I've got up a "Warm Witness."

Scissors.—Here, take this "Official," and be off.

[Exit Devil, with a "fat take."] Saturday Courier.

CARRYING BUNDLES.

Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry a bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most timid, as well as weak, and most ignorant, are apt to think how much to the inappropriateness of others. This arises from a low kind of pride.

There is a pride that is being; that arises from a consciousness of their being something in the individual more or less excellent than the world's weight and beauty of character. This latter pride was exhibited by the American son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in college at Cambridge, he was one day carrying a bundle which he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who, seeing the brougham with surprise, exclaimed, "Why did you not give it sent home?"

"I am not ashamed to carry home anything which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.

Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother all the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself—Yankee Blaide.

PHASES OF LOVE.

Somebody once said—it makes odds when for it is a pretty simile, and perhaps quite true, that the person who is fond of sea-bathing; some timidly put in one foot first, then with a shiver and a look of apprehension, put in a second, and then they do no more.

"How come you to have a wooden leg?"

"Why," answered the other, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather before him. It runs in the family."

"I am not like the question asked by an eminent American author of a brother-edition, that had declined to come under a tree during a storm of thunder and lightning, because his father had once been struck with lightning while under a tree, and had run away."

"O, how it runs in the family," does she say? That alters the cast!"—Boston Bee.

Her a fair specimen of truth and poetry combined.

"Time sets, is past; thou canst not it recall;

"Time, thou is, hast; employ thy portion well;

"Time, you is, may never be—

Time, you is the only that for them."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

O WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY?

BY LOUISA A. WORTHEM.

And what do the birds say?
O, tell me, I pray!

They chatter so fast
On this sunshiny day.

"Tis something delightful,
Dear mother, I know,

So liquid and soft
Is the musical flow.

Are they telling each other
How glad they all are?

This winter has fled
To the sun.

It is the sun's year;

Those clouds are unfurled,

And the bright sun is free,

To lure back the birds

And the leaves to the tree.

How joyous they seem!

How delighted to meet!

Each birdy familiar

With rapture they greet.

They snuck, and they jabber,

There's so much to say,

As befitful to short

Were the long April day.

They're pairing and building—

Didst thou see those blue jays?

They sing in our cornfields

Through the bright summer days.

Well, they're sweet, and such talking

I never did hear;

And love, only love,

Could have banished all fear.

For there's some dame Kitty,

With blushing eyes,

Just ready to clutch

At her coveted prize.

Aw—cruel Kitty!

They "mony" be thine;

O, snatch not thy victim

From love's holy shrine.

Now, after debating

A very long time,

They've both sought together

Their nest on the thyme;

To the thyme, and such a nest,

As the birds have never seen;

And longer a nest,

But see! they're repairing

The old faded nest.

GOING, GOING, GONE!

So there is time and Fate, and the mock-ancestor.

Everything is going, unless it has already gone.

The boy skates and flings snow about him,

but his dreams do not of poverty—

and the knapsack and the coat are bound to him,

and the long, long walk is over.

And the long, long walk is

The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TIS ALL FOR THE BEST!

BY INCLINIA CLIFFORD.

Should thy path be o'erclouded, and sunshine ne'er
glean.
But a few moments; O ne'er must thou deem
That trouble will always thy spirit molest;
But consider in thy Father's love; all's for the best.

Disappointments are sent to enable the soul—
If we bravely look up when the waves o'er us roll,
We shall see they were sent but our moments to bless;
For our Father thus with us: "All's for the best!"

Should those that you cherished be blasted at morn;
When you fancy that gladness will soon o'er you dawn;
O ne'er let it cause thee a moment's unrest,
But fervently utter, "All's for the best!"

Should friends you love best, far away from thee go,
And a thought till thy heart that you'll ne'er meet below;
Still let no repinings e'er enter thy breast;
"Tis thy Father's good pleasure, and all's for the best.

Should those who with smiles made thy pathway resile,
In heartless indifference turn coldly away,
Sign not for their friendship, "twill ne'er make thee best;
But look up above, say, "all's for the best!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OLD AND NEW LOVE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"I can't stand it any longer!" said Jonathan Maybury, soliloquizing aloud, as he leaned on his hoe-handl in the corn-patch beneath the blistering July sun that scorched his back even through his cotton shirt, and blazed fiercely on his naked feet.

"Can't stand what?" sonny?" asked Deacon Maybury, suddenly appearing at his elbow.

"Can't stand working forever on a worn-out farm," returned the young man, surprised, but not daunted at the sudden appearance of his father.

"The sile's good enough," said the old man, stooping to gather a handful, which he gazed on admiringly as it lay on his horny palm.

"Ay, but you can't find it for the stones," was the reply.

"It is powerful rocky land," said the old man; "but then it's fast-rate for building fences, and pillars and things that's most an ele-gant piece of sheep-pastur—the fury-acre upland lot. Tain't nigh as rocky as neighbor Williams's farm. Why, you can walk over his mowin' on the stones without never touchin' foot to the earth—and his side-hill's so abrupt I've heard tell it takes two men to keep the oxen from rollin' over and over when he's furerin'. No—no—this here isn't so bad a farm, boy. My father and grand'her was fetched up on it, and you and me was raised here, and I expect we'll die here."

"Not for one, sir," said Jonathan, resolutely. "Hello! what's got into ye?" cried the deacon. "Tired of farmin'?"

"No sir—but tired of such farming as this. I think agriculture the noblest of occupations. With a virgin soil like that of our new western lands, or with capital enough to restore our old Atlantic lands, it pays well for labor and toll. It exacts varied knowledge—it requires much talent. But I am too ambitious to labor for mere existence—too poor, in short, to be a farmer."

"I am a tolerable catalogue raisonne of the world," replied the lady. "Ask, and I will answer."

"In the first place, who is that very beautiful lady with the pearl headband and ornaments?"

"That is Miss Lascelles—a very stylish and accomplished girl. She has just returned from abroad, like yourself. Her aunt, who brought her up and adopted her, has just died, leaving her all her property—half a million. A beauty, and a beauty! why don't you propose?"

"It is too late!" said the middle-aged gentleman, adjusting his cravat. "Besides, she seems already to have designed the happy man. By the way, who is that dandified handsome fellow who has just left her out?"

"That! that is Colonel Maybury, one of the government's aids-de-camp—one of our merchant-princes."

"Maybury!" said the middle-aged man. "Never heard the name. Can't be one of our old Boston families."

"O, no!" replied the lady. "He is the architect of his own fortunes. He came here poor, and in a few years has amassed a fortune."

"Ah! why didn't I amass a fortune?" said the middle-aged man.

"My dear Jonathan," said his master, "I'm glad to see you with your working clothes on. I've got corn in the same patch where we used to have it but it don't yield high so good a crop now. I'd like to hev you lend a hand to-morrow. You hafta forget how to hoe, hev ye?"

"Quite not," replied the young man, laughing. "But, father, I can help you more, perhaps by lending you a hand in the corn patch. I'm pretty well to do in the world, and have plenty of money to spare. You would oblige me, by taking some off my hands."

"My dear Jonathan," said his master, "I did see a mighty pretty pair of black steers down at Hillsboro' the other day—but the fellow wanted eighty dollars for 'em—an' that's a killing price."

"You shall have them, father."

"What!" cried the old man. "Can you let me have eighty dollars and not feel it? Well, by George! you must ha' done pretty well—pooey well, now, Jonathan."

Maybury retired to his room and changed his dress, though, when he returned to the sitting-room the deacon shook his head as he noticed the change.

"O Jonathan!" cried the old lady, who was sitting at the window. "Here comes a gal on bos-back."

Jonathan went to the door, and there, to his surprise, cantering up alone, on a splendid black mare, was Miss Lascelles. Her heart beat violently, and his agitation increased, when he saw her draw rein at the door.

He went out to meet her.

"You here, Miss Lascelles!" he exclaimed. "You seem more surprised than pleased to see me," returned the heifers, as she patted her horse's neck playfully with her gloved hand.

"You fairie gave me the slip. And now, sir, answer me—what brought you up into the hill country?"

"Sarah Williams."

Maybury could not help contrasting the poor girl's phonographic letter with such a one as he

"So long, Jonathan!"

"Yes—I am going away—to Boston." In those days when coming railroads had not cast their shadows before them, Boston seemed an *ultima thule* to the denizens of a hill-country village in New Hampshire, and Sarah might well be pardoned if her cheek paled at the idea of her lover—for such he was—going to so remote a place.

"And when are you coming back?" she asked. "Not till I've made a fortune," was the response. "I can't think of toiling all my life, and seeing you toil, Sarah, for a mere living—at least not until I've made a manly effort to do better. So good-by, Sarah! I shall think of you every moment, and of the prize that awaits me on my return."

"But I will avoid her!" he mentally resolved. "To-morrow I will go back to my native village. I will marry Sarah, and at least satisfy my conscience, if I cannot secure my happiness."

The next day accordingly found him on the road. He had despatched his baggage to his father's house, and alighting from the coach at some distance from home, he thought he would pay a visit to the log hut in the woods.

He stepped aside into a wood and sought the shelter of a little log-hut he had himself constructed in leisure hours, as a place of refuge where he might pursue his studies undisturbed. Here he changed his dress, and putting on his fashionable "freedom suit," left his old clothes in the hut.

"Some day," said he, as he locked the door and put the key in his pocket, "I may revisit my old haunts, and then I shall like to see how I looked in the chrysalis."

The stage-coach making its appearance, soon after he struck the main road, he hailed it, mounted to the driver's seat, and rolled away towards the great capital of New England.

Let the reader suppose several years to have elapsed, and fancy himself in a splendid ballroom in the New England metropolis—a scene in which the representative men and women of the fashionable world were assembled.

Apart from the crowd, a middle-aged gentleman was lounging beside a chair occupied by a very handsome and fashionably-dressed woman.

"My dear Miss Millman," said the gentleman, "you know I've just returned from abroad, and consequently a stranger to all the rising belles and beaux of the city. So I look to you for information."

"I am a tolerable catalogue raisonne of the world," replied the lady. "Ask, and I will answer."

"In the first place, who is that very beautiful lady with the pearl headband and ornaments?"

"That is Miss Lascelles—a very stylish and accomplished girl. She has just returned from abroad, like yourself. Her aunt, who brought her up and adopted her, has just died, leaving her all her property—half a million. A beauty, and a beauty! why don't you propose?"

"It is too late!" said the middle-aged gentleman, adjusting his cravat.

"Not a bit of it. The gal's got money if you a bit. What's the use of havin' money if you can't dress well?" And then he heard tell as how you was a governor's colonel. "Why don't you wear your sopher clothes? You aint grow'd sin' gy, be you?"

"No, Sarah," said Maybury. "I am so rich that I can't afford to be stingy. When we are married, you shall be as fine a lady as there is in Boston."

"Law! how you make a body blush," said the country damsel.

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